

Kid Loco

"Is That You?"

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By ICP & Kid Rock

Violent J, Violent J, is that you?
I'm on the microphone, so what'cha wanna do?
Violent J, Violent J, is that you?
A wicked, wicked clown, just for you
I drink Faygo it's only a buck-ten
I'm a pour it on your tits when we fucking
'cause I'm with that kinky shit, ho
I can see you butt-naked in your window
Shimmy up the house side dash
Knock and I press my nuts on the glass
Let me in, ho, don't ya know
I'm Violent J of the ICP, yo
I got me a check let's cash it
If I could spend it with the hoes on grass shit
But don't get all geek slut
'cause I'm a buy ya some lava to wash your butt
"Uhh what's this clown shit about?"
A knife to your neck and your throats hanging out
With a do-mi-ray
Now it's about time I say:

[Chorus]

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yeah, let me tell ya what I wanna do
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yo lay, yo lay, yo lay *y hoouoo!

Frontin', they frontin', everybody's frontin'
Violent Violent J is gonna tell ya something
If ya know a bitch who got grits
Kid Rock, Kid Rock will probably eat that shit

[-Kid Rock-]

Boohoo motherfucker what'cha cryin' for?
I'm that nigger that your bitch would die for
The whore showed up at my front door
So I fucked her in her ass and I threw her out the back
door
The bitch thought it was a cake drive

She said: "Drive me to the city", so I dropped her off at
lakeside
"Aren't you driving me home?", well I meant ta
But plans have changed so get your ass on the center
Ho, this ain't no taxi
I be mackin' hoes, they don't mack me
Never slacking, hoes I be macking
Yeah...Kid Rock, Kid Rock
Never slacking, hoes I be macking
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit
The funk, the funk from the old days
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit
The funk from the old days
Well, I'm up for the shot in a minute
Show me a valley, I might deal in it
Like somebody else I know
I been to Mount Clemens as I've been to
Romeomeomeo
Wicked clowns gonna flow for ya some
Three for the treble, eight for the drum
Five for the homies that I run with
Bitch, call your mother cause you're done with
Toe tip-toe, I snuck in your house
And fell asleep butt-naked on the front couch
So, excuse me, pops, I'm napping
So could ya shut the fuck up with that yapping
And your wife's all worked up for nothing
She act like she ain't never seen a wang or something
'cause it really don't matter
I'm a show my nuts to innocent bystander
Every fucking day
'cause it's about time I say

[Chorus]

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yeah, let me tell you what I wanna do
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
I just said it was motherfucker

[-Kid Rock-]

Skinny dipping in the pool, you know I drown hoes
Fuck 'em doggie style and play that ass like the bongo
Hit it, hit hi-hit it
Hitting homerums and never whiff, ho
Smoke my dick like it's a big spliff
This ain't a blooper and I'm no joker
But I can shoot a nut 50 foot like the super soaker
But yo, I'm not gonna pull it out for a cheap joke
Instead I play John Holmes in a sequel to Deep Throat
Taste the nut in your mouth, just to school ya
But ho, don't let the smooth taste fool ya

Don't let the smooth taste fool ya...[Ã—3]
...fuckin' fool ya
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya...
...word

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